



Ice



146 9 16

Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

She shivered as the icy winds stung her face. She ran as fast as she could through the gray snow at the edge of the highway. Cars drove past, ignoring her. Good. She was glad that they did not stop. She was never going back home.

She had walked into the kitchen to hear her parents arguing, again. They did not acknowledge her and she quietly slipped her way up the stairs into her room. She sat at her desk, trying to do homework when she heard a gunshot. Her mother stormed up the stairs, clearly angry. Jessica feared the worst. She heard her parent's bedrooms door slam and she quickly packed a bag of warm clothes and a box of cereal and some water bottles she had stashed in her closet. She climbed out the window and shimmied down the tree and ran for the woods.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



She could already hear her mother banging on her bedroom door as she ran. Things had always been tense, scary, and uncertain at home. Indeed Hannah was on several anti-anxiety medicines. Oh no! She thought... she had left her pill bottles on her night stand... it was too late to go back now. She didn't need those pills anymore anyhow. She had finally found the cure, to run, to leave her problems and stressful life behind. I mean, what was the worst that could happen by going cold turkey from your psych meds?

Chapter 3 by Ethan R



She pushed the thought of the pills to the back of her head and focused on what needed to be

done. First she would have to find somewhere to get out of this frigid winter. She continued running for a few minutes, slowing down as the cold and lack of energy. She looked around the new area. She turned, leaving the highway behind her.

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The building around this part of town was old and gray, but not in the warm and worn way. Paint peeling from some while broken windows and sagging roofs were scattered about. Years of neglect leaving stains on the siding.

She pulled her jacket's hood over her head and continued walking through the rows of houses.

Chapter 4 by Iden Mozafari



It was getting too cold for Jessica to stay outside. The icy breath of wind stung her face, and her breath was becoming staggered. She had to get inside.

Jessica walked through the closest building to her right. It was oddly warm inside, yet the decor of the building seemed the opposite. Windows were broken on all sides, half of the stairs were broken off, and the floor was cracked. She could look up and see more than half of the second floor missing, fallen to the ground.

"What happened here?" Jessica thought as she looked around for anything she could use as a bed for the night. She found a small section of the concrete floor that was overgrown with grass, and decided to sleep on top. She wrapped her arms around herself and went to sleep, unbeknownst to the dangers that lied throughout the night.

Chapter 5 by Bella



I couldn't process what my parents were arguing about. That's what they always do. Last month I broke my wrist, and neither of them cared. I rolled over on my side tears slowly starting to fall down my cheeks. Suddenly I hear a noise. I blot up-right. "Who's there?" I say with a shaking voice. I stand up knees wobbling like crazy. I see a shadow in the corner of the wall. "Who's there?" I slowly start to walk towards the figure. "Jessica, I've been waiting here for years waiting for you." The figure said. All my hairs stood up. "Wh...Who are you?" I said. The figure slowly started to come out. I backed away as the person came out. The figure was a man, he looked the same age as me. He had jet black hair and dark brown skin. I couldn't take my eyes off him. I suddenly turned my head blushing, thankfully it was dark. "My name is Peter. I am from

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know." This that he grabbed me by my arms fiercely and stabled, what felt like a dagger made of all ice. I screamed and everything went black.

Chapter 6 by Cecelia👤



Everything momentarily went dark. For a few moments, the only thing that could be seen, heard, or felt was the intense and rapid beating of my heart.

I wondered if this was what death was, and if it would have behooved me to just stay in abuse-riddled home. A single tear created a pathway down my cheek.

Wait

I thought.

Is it possible for the dead to cry?

That's when it happened. It seemed as though the world began to slowly turn on it's axis. Nausea began to creep up as my vision started to fill with a myriad of swirling colors. Eventually, I could feel something solid underneath me. The ground felt impossibly smooth and cold and a chill vibrated up my spine. That's when I heard his voice, though from where I couldn't determine.

"We have made it."

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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